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"Quocumque me Fortuna ferat, ibo hospes."

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From the Home Journal.

PROVED.

BY J. NAL. ELIOT.

My life is dead! he cried: and agony—  
White, rigid, speechless—froze upon his face:  
His eyes shone like a crystal, midnight sea—  
He turned to fly—he held him to the place.

Like the clear murmur of a summer stream.  
Her wondrous voice filled all the spacious room:  
Her face, madonna-like, was as a gleam  
Of sunlight struggling through the heavy gloom.

She stood and gazed at him with transfixed eyes:  
"Love not! I was not made for love," she said.  
"Love is a passion, and at its birth it dies;  
Your burning love, and not your life, is dead!"

He shuddered, turned away his face and wept:  
God pity them when strong men melt in tears!  
With noiseless step close to his side she crept,  
Bent down and smiled, as if she had no fears.

Deep, aching sighs convulsed the crouching form:  
It seemed as though the great, proud heart  
Must break.  
So hushed and wounded was it by the storm,  
Whose ruthless thirst his tears might never slake.

Her smile had faded: tenderly she gazed—  
A pearly tear swam in her eyes' deep blue:  
She touched her lips to his—herself amazed  
And conquered, as she whispered, "I love you!"

Her head upon his breast—he raised his eyes,  
And scarce remembered how his heart had bled:  
"Is love a passion? Then it purifies."  
He said. "Love! neither love nor life is dead."

WHAT A SOLDIER THINKS OF SLAVERY AND THE WAR.

The following was written to friends in Cambridge, where the writer formerly lived:

BENTON BARRACKS, Mo.,  
Dec. 1st 1861.

MY DEAR FATHER AND SISTER:—It is Sabbath evening, and while the rest of our "mass" are amusing themselves as "seemeth them good," I will devote the few moments that intervene before "tattoo" in writing: And for the sake of economy, as well as an act of retributive justice, I am going to write to both of you at the same time, and on the same sheet of paper.

My opportunities for writing, grow fewer and farther between every day, and Sunday as a general thing is the busiest day of all. We drill on horse-back almost all the time, during the day; and lately a large share of our evenings, are spent at the sword exercise, by candle light. We are becoming quite proficient in the art of killing. But I must say that it don't seem to me, to be hardly a Christian or even a civilized way of spending one's time. From what little experience I have had, which to be sure don't amount to much—I must say, I don't think that a practical study of the science of war, is at all calculated to improve either the mental, or moral faculties of young men.

And yet I feel that our cause in this war is just; and that I am but doing my duty, in the course I am pursuing. Situated as I am, with no family depending upon me for support,—with but few friends to mourn my loss, should it be my lot to fall in the contest, and with no fear or dread of death prompting me to keep out of harm's way—I should feel guilty and self-condemned, were I to remain idle and inactive at a time like this, when every true heart and strong arm is needed to step boldly forth in defense of that glorious spirit of Liberty, which is just rising into bright and glorious life, above the dark sea of orphans' tears, and martyr blood, in which, through all the dreary years of the past it has been almost smothered, and drowned, by wicked Kings and tyrants, and shall I add by pious praying buyers and sellers of God's own image, in our own boasted land of liberty.

I know that war, is a terrible thing, and that one may well have conscientious scruples about engaging in "whole sale" murder. When I am practicing at the sword exercise, learning to be expert and handy at taking human life, I often pause and reflect with horror, upon what I am doing. It seems an awful business, too awful and wicked, even for me, wicked as I am, to be engaged in; but when I think of Slavery American Slavery, and the wrongs daily heaped upon the poor slave, my "scruples" vanish in a moment, and I remember those that are in bonds, as being bound with them; you know father, that I have always been "radical" on the subject of Slavery, I could never listen to the wrongs of the poor slave, without feeling a desire to clutch at the

master's throat. And now when I think of the Despotism of slavery, and its antagonism to that liberty for which our fathers so nobly fought, bled, and died; and above all when I think of Brown and Lovejoy, and the host of noble martyrs, that have already been sacrificed to this insatiate molech, in our own boasted "Land of Freedom," the very demon of war is roused within me, and I am not only ready to fight but also to die in this struggle to sustain liberty, and our free institutions, against the worst form of despotism and oppression the world has ever seen.

I know that others entertain, or at least profess to entertain, very different views of slavery and of this war and its causes from what I do. But let scheming politicians think what they please, and let interested cotton speculators say what they please; and let conservative parsons discourse as learnedly and eloquently as they will, on the "Beauty" and "mutual benefit," of the "sacred" and "Peculiar Institution." I know you, dear father, know,—and every one who has studied the history of our country for the last few years, and who has the intellectual ability to trace the relation of cause and effect, knows that slavery, and nothing but slavery is the cause of this cursed war.

Slavery has ever been a very *upas* in our Nation,—withering and blighting the fairest and most fertile portion of our land, and destroying with its poisoning influence, our social and fraternal relations, till at last it has plunged us into a bloody, fratricidal war. And our glorious Union, formed for the preservation of our liberty, and cemented with the sacred blood of our "Patriotic Sires" is tottering on the very verge of dissolution. And yet my dear father, and sister; much as I love peace,—near as I once was—and even now am, of being a disciple of the Learned Blacksmith—Situated as I am, right in the midst of the horrors of war, and much as I feel that war is to be deplored and deplored, I hope, even as I hope for a home, at last in heaven, that this war, may never cease, that smiling peace may never again bless our land,—that the brave soldiers engaged in this contest, may never return to cheer the "loved ones at home," with their presence, till slavery shall have been blotted out forever, and our land shall have become in very truth what it has so long boasted of being—"The land of the free" as well as the "home of the brave." Let us have no more compromises with this gigantic wrong,—no more "Fugitive Slave Laws" enacted; no more martyrs starved in noisome dungeons; hanged upon public gibbets; or shot from behind printing presses, in the vain hope of producing peace and reconciliation.

There can be no peace, no harmony, between two such antipodical elements as freed men and Slavery. They are diametrically opposite in every particular, and can never fraternize and live side by side, in the same land and be prospered and protected by the same government. One or the other must yield, and it cannot, must not, shall not, be freedom. A few short months ago Ossawatimie Brown was hanged, and slavery for a while seemed to triumph; but his death served to open the eyes of the blind, and hasten on the day of "retribution" foreseen by the conscience stricken mind of Jefferson, who trembled for his country, when he looked upon the wickedness of slavery, and remembered that God was just.

Let us hope dear father that when this war shall end, the great sin of our Nation shall no longer stand in judgment against us.

LETTERS FROM THE SEAT OF WAR.

CAMP GRIFFIN, Va.,  
February, 23d 1862.

MR. EDITOR:—Though I have not written you for a long time, I have not forgotten my promise to write you; I have had but little to write you, as news, as the multiplicity of letter writers have kept your readers well informed on all matters of interest.

Yesterday; the anniversary of the birth day of Washington, has furnished me a theme. I hasten to give you an account of the ceremonies upon that festive

occasion. All company and regimental drill was for the day suspended, and wide range was given to mirth and hilarity. At ten o'clock the regiment was formed in line, with arms, and marched to the parade ground near the headquarters of Gen. Smith, and listened to the reading of Washington's Farewell address, by the Adjutant; which with parade and music by the band, concluded the exercises there, and we returned home at 12 A. M.

Dinner over, free scope was given to every species of innocent and hilarious jollity. The entire Regiment including many on the sick list repaired to the regimental parade ground, where the exercises were commenced by a foot race between the commissioned officers of the Regt. Col. Smalley being absent at the time, Lieut. Col. Grant was in command. The race was rather an exciting one, the more so as Col. Grant himself proved in the race to be the better man. Then came the race between the men. A purse of three dollars, one of two, and one of one dollar was offered to the three best runners. The thirty running boys in the Regt. all did their best,—cheer after cheer rose on the air, as the lucky few approached the goal. Then came the climbing of a pine pole set in the ground, after being peeled and thoroughly greased. Five dollars was the fee to be paid the man able to reach the top, about 20 feet from the ground, an utter and complete failure was the result. Next came the greased pig. His pigship let loose among a thousand men, each with a shout designed for his especial ear, gave an unsatisfied grunt, but had scarcely put his nose to the ground when a most terrible demonstration of the horrors of war was revealed to his observing eye. A thousand warriors each doubly armed, made with a shout and loud huzza, a simultaneous advance. Surrounded, hemmed in on every side, with a thousand against one—what could he do? Retreat was impossible even had he not been afflicted as he apparently was, with the rheumatism to such an extent that "double quick under any circumstances would have made him a subject of ridicule." He gave in at once, and quietly allowed himself to be detained as a prisoner—shall I say of war? I have only to add, that having been accused of secession proclivities, he was not released, was executed the same evening, in a manner rather summary. Five dollars and the pig, rewarded the fortunate man for his prowess on this occasion.

Running with a sack drawn on over the feet, and the mouth of the sack tied about the neck was the next, and a very exciting game; and was thoroughly tried by several smart boys,—after which came foot ball, in which the right wing was of course the winning party. It is needless to say that several shins and posteriors received some rigorous kicks in the game, but all ended pleasantly, and we returned to our tents, happy; and on the whole content. As ever yours truly,

F. O. H.

For the Newsdealer.

TEMPERANCE MEETINGS IN CAMBRIDGE.

MR. EDITOR:—An old fashioned temperance meeting preceded by a good sermon on temperance by Rev. Edwin Wheelock, was held at the school house (well filled by ladies and others.) And made very interesting by singing and remarks by gentlemen residing in Town.

The next meeting was legally called at Jeffersonville, W. H. H. Wood, Esq., presiding, the Grand Juror, several lawyers and others taking part; the result of which was two *beersellers* were fined for selling intoxicating drinks, one \$20, and costs, and the other for \$10, and costs.

We think both meetings will have decidedly a beneficial influence in our town, especially the last one.

Perhaps it may be well in this connection to say, that a certain peddler, physically and morally deformed, has been seen in town, selling—or pretending to sell tin, but when it is desired he can furnish his customers with "gin schnaps" and the like. We hope never to hear of him again in our neighborhood; but if we should, it would not be strange if his blue tin cart, should meet with a severe inspection. GRAND JUROR.

Feb. 12th 1862.

GEN. McCLELLAN'S DREAM.

The following is from the pen of Wesley Bradshaw, Esq., and makes a fitting companion to "Washington's Vision," which sketch, written by the same author at the commencement of our national difficulties, was widely copied by the press, and commended by Hon. Edward Everett, as "teaching a highly important lesson to every true lover of his country."—*Exchange.*

Two o'clock of the third night after Gen. McClellan's arrival in Washington to take command of the United States' army, found that justly celebrated soldier poring over several maps and reports of scouts. As the hour came tolling through the night, together with the dull rumbling of army wagons and artillery wheels, the wearied hero, pushing from his maps and reports, leaned his forehead on his folded arms upon the table before him, and fell into a sleep, so deep that even the occasional booming of heavy guns, being placed in position on the intrenchments, was insufficient to disturb it.

"I could not have been slumbering thus more than ten minutes," said the General to an intimate friend to whom he related the strange narrative, "when I thought the door of my room, which I had carefully locked, was thrown suddenly open, and some one strode to me, and laying a hand upon my shoulder, said in a slow, solemn voice:

"General McClellan, do you sleep at your post? Rouse you, or ere it can be prevented the foe will be in Washington!"

Never before in my life have I heard a voice possessing the commanding and even terrible tone of the one that addressed to me these words. And the sensation that passed through me, as it fell upon my ears, and I coweringly shrunk into myself at the thought of my own negligence. I can only compare to the whistling, shrieking sweep of a storm of grapeshot, discharged directly through my brain. I could not move, however, although I tried hard to raise my head from the table. As a sense of my willingness, and helplessness to make an answer to the unknown intruder, oppressed me. I once more heard the same slow, solemn voice repeat:

"General McClellan, do you sleep at your post?"

There was a peculiarity about it this time; it seemed as though—a mere atom of water—was suspended in the centre of infinite space, and that the voice came from a hollow distance all around me. As the last word was uttered, I regained by some felt and yet unknown power, my volition, and with the change, the grapeshot discharge sensation in my brain ceased, and a strange but new one seized my heart, one as if a huge, rough icicle was being sawed back and forth through and through me.

I started up, or rather I should say I thought I started up, for whether I was awake or asleep, I am unable to decide. My first thought was about my maps, and before my eyelids had half opened, my hand was grasping them. But this was all. The table was still before me, and the maps all crumpled in my tightening clutch, were still before me, but everything else had disappeared. The furniture was gone, the walls of the apartment were gone, the ceiling was not to be seen. All I saw was the tableau I am about to describe to you.

My gaze was turned Southward, and there, spread out before me, was a living map; yes, a living map; that is the only expression I can think of as befitting the scene. In one grand *camp d'ail*, my eye took in the whole expanse of country, as far south as the Gulf of Mexico, and from the Atlantic on the east Mississippi westwardly.

Before fully fixing my attention upon the immense scene, however, I thought of the mysterious visitant, whose voice I had heard but a moment previous, and I looked toward him. An apparition stood on my left somewhat in front, at a distance of about six feet from me. I sought for his features, hoping to recognize him. But I was disappointed, for the statue-like figure was naught but a vapor, a cloud having only the general outlines of a man. This troubled me, and I was turning the matter over in my mind, when the shadowy visitor, in the same slow, solemn tone as before said:

"General McClellan, your time is short? Look to the southward!"

I felt unable to resist the command, even had I wished to do so, and again, therefore, my eyes were cast on the living map.

Out on the Atlantic I saw the various vessels of the blockading squadron looming up with the most perfect distinctness in the bright moonshine, that illumined everything with a strong but mellow light. I saw Charleston harbor and its forts, with their pacing sentinels, and their sullen looking barbette guns. My eyes followed the ocean line all the way round into the Gulf, to New Orleans, and thence up the Mississippi. Fort Pickens, and in fact, every fortification along this water boundary, I beheld with as much distinctness as you, sir, see that Corporal's guard passing there.

This sight filled me with delightful surprise; but it is utterly impossible for me to describe the ecstatic amazement that followed, as within the limits I mention, my eyes took in, in minute but lightning like detail, every mountain range, every hill every valley, every forest, every meadow, every river, every city, every camp, every body of men, every sentinel every earthwork, every cannon, and I may say, dispensing with further detail, every living and every dead thing, no matter what its bulk or height.

My blood seemed to stop in its channels, with joy, as I thought that the knowledge, and thereby advantage, thus given to me, would insure a speedy and happy termination of the war. And this one idea was engrossing my mind, when once more, that slow, solemn voice, said:

"General McClellan, take your map, and note what you behold. Tarry not; your time is short."

I started, and glancing at the unearthly speaker, saw him extend his arm and point southwardly.

Still I saw no features. Smoothing out the largest and most accurate one of my maps, seized a pencil, and once more bent my gaze out over the living map, as I looked this time, a cold, thrilling chill ran over me, and the huge rough icicle began again its sawing motion through my heart. For, as pencil in hand I compared the map before me and the living map, and saw masses of the enemy's forces being hurried to certain points so as to thwart movements that within a day or two, I intended to make at those identical points; while on two particular approaches to Washington, beheld heavy columns of the foe posted for a concentrated attack, and instantly saw must succeed in its object unless speedily prevented.

"Treachery! treachery!" cried I in despair. And, as before my blood seemed to stop in its channels for joy, it now did so for fear. Ruin and defeat seemed to stare me in the face. At this dreadful moment, that same slow, solemn voice struck once more upon my ears, saying:

"General McClellan, you have been betrayed! and had not God willed otherwise, ere the sun of to-morrow had set, the Confederate flag would have floated above the Capitol and your own grave. But note what you see. Your time is short. Tarry not!"

Ere the words had left the lips of my vapory mentor, my pencil was flying with the speed of thought, transferring to the map before me all that I saw upon the living map. Some mysterious and unearthly influence was upon me, and noted and recorded the minutest point I beheld without the slightest effort, delay, or mistake. At last the task was done, and my pencil dropped from my fingers.

For a while previous to this, however, I had become conscious that there was a shining of light on my left, that steadily increased until the moment I ceased my task, when it became in an instant more intense than the noon-day sun. Quickly I raised my eyes, and never, were I to live forever, will I forget what I saw. The dim, shadowy figure was no longer a dim, shadowy figure, but the glorified and refulgent spirit of Washington, the Father of his country, and now a second time its savior. My friend, it would be utterly useless for me to attempt to describe the mighty retired spirit.

I can only say that Washington as I

beheld him in my dream, or trance, as you may choose to term it, was the most God-like being could be conceived of. Like a weak, dazed bird, I sat gazing at the heavenly vision. From the sweet and silent repose of Mount Vernon, our Washington had risen to once more encircle and raise up with his saving arm, our fallen, bleeding country. As I continued looking, an expression of sublime benediction came gently upon his visage, and, for the last time, I heard that slow and solemn voice saying to me something like this:

Gen. McClellan, while yet in the flesh I beheld the birth of the American Republic. It was, indeed, a hard and bloody one, but God's blessing was upon the nation, and, therefore, through this her great struggle for existence, he sustained her, and with his mighty hand brought her out triumphantly. A century has not passed since then, and yet the child Republic has taken her position a peer with nations whose page of history extends for ages into the past. She has, since those dark days, by the favor of God, greatly prospered. And now, by very reason of this prosperity has been bro't to her second great struggle. This is by far the most perilous ordeal she has to endure. Passing as she is from childhood to opening maturity, she is called on to accomplish that vast result, self-conquest, to learn that important lesson, self-control, self-rule, that in the future will place her in the van of power and civilization. It is here that all nations have hitherto failed; and she, too, the Republic of the earth, had not God willed otherwise, would by to-morrow's sunset, have been a broken heap of stones cast up over the final grave of human liberty.

But her cries have come up out of her borders like sweet incense unto heaven, and she will be saved. Thus shall peace, once more, come upon her, and prosperity fill her with joy. But her mission will not then be yet finished, for, ere another century shall have gone by, the oppressors of the whole earth, hating and envying her exaltation, shall join themselves together and raise up their hands against her. But if she still be found worthy of her high calling, they shall surely be discomfited, and then will be ended her third and last great struggle for existence!

Thenceforth shall the Republic go on, increasing in goodness and power, until her borders shall end only in the remotest corners of the earth, and the whole earth shall beneath her shadowing wings, become a Universal Republic. Let her in her prosperity, however, remember the Lord her God; her trust be always in Him, and she shall never be confounded.

The heavenly visitant ceased speaking, and as I still continued gazing upon him, drew near to me, and raised and spread out his hands above me. No sound now passed his lips, but I felt a strange influence coming over me. I reclined my head forward to receive the blessing and baptism of Washington. The following instant a peal of thunder rolled in upon my ears, and I awoke. The vision had departed, and I was again sitting in my apartment, with everything exactly as it was before I fell asleep, with one exception.

The map on which I had dreamed I had been marking was literally covered with a network of pencil marks, signs, and figures. I rose to my feet, and rubbed my eyes, and took a turn or two about the room to convince myself that I was really awake. I again seated myself, but the pencilings were as plain as ever, and I had before me as complete a map and repository of information as though I had spent years in gathering and recording its details. My mind now became confused with the strange and numberless ideas and thoughts that crowded themselves into it, and I involuntarily sank down on my knees to seek wisdom and guidance from on high. As I arose refreshed in spirit, that same solemn voice seemed to say to me from an infinite distance:

"Your time is short! Tarry not!"

In an instant, thought became clear and active. Hastening out curtains, with orders to have executed certain maneuvers at certain points, (guiding myself by that, now, in my eyes unearthly map) I threw myself into the saddle, and long ere day